

Lucid Nightmare

Claimed - I

Darkdaggers

Lucid Nightmare by Darkdaggers

Series: [Claimed \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

A dream with a redhead turns into something Bill didn't bargain for.

Lucid Nightmare

Author's Note:

- Translation into 中文 available: [明魔](#) by [tanyvS](#)

“Mmmm, you are amazing, Bill,” the redhead said, causing a nervous laugh to escape him. He didn’t know if amazing was the right word, but Bill wasn’t about to deny it when the woman in front of him was very attractive.

“I’m not that special,” he said nervously, running a hand through his hair as he watched her bite her bottom lip. Her green eyes held a spark of mischief as she noticed him watching her. It sent heat pooling in his stomach and he wanted nothing more than pull her back into a kiss.

“You are, let me prove it to you,” she murmured huskily pressing him up against the wall. Her ruby lips making a trail across his jaw which made him moan as he tangled his hands into her long red hair. On a subconscious level that he wasn’t aware of, and if he had more blood to his brain than his cock, then he would have realized that she looked a lot like Beverly. But those thoughts didn’t cross his mind as he pulled the woman closer.

The woman’s hands made their way up his chest where they began to unbutton his checkered shirt and pushed the cloth away, revealing his pale skin. Bill yanked it off the rest of the way as she trailed her hands down his bare chest. Her painted nails gently scratched his skin as she explored and Bill shivered at the sensation, letting out a soft gasp.

He looked down through lidded eyes and met those devious green

ones her lips twisted into a smirk as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a heated kiss. God, Bill wanted more as he slipped his tongue into her mouth and brushed it against her's, causing her to moan. Her leg slipped between his and Bill couldn't stop the groan of pleasure that escaped him as she rubbed against his stiffing cock. The friction had him seeing stars. Bill gasped and let his head fall back against the wall as she moved against him. This wasn't like anything he had ever felt before.

The redhead suddenly jerked back, leaving Bill feeling cold and confused. He furrowed his brows as he looked at her still body, her mouth open in a silent scream before her face fell completely blank. It was unnerving and it sent a cold chill to run down his spine. Not sure what was going on, Bill opened his mouth to ask what was wrong. But before any words could escape him, he watched as her eyes began to change. The green color seemed to drain out of them leaving a bright silver color in its place.

Something was wrong.

"W-what?" Bill managed out through dry lips as the woman in front of him began to tremble. Her skin rippled like water before there was a sickening crack that caused him to jump.

Horror filled him and Bill watched with wide eyes as her body began to shift, limbs became longer making her suddenly taller than he was. Bill had to crane his neck slightly to keep eye contact before the new form settled with a loud snap.

Burning yellow eyes met his and Bill couldn't stop the startled gasp of absolute terror that escaped him. His mind whirling quickly as it snapped recognition into place.

Pennywise.

The clown stood towering over him with a twisted grin that seemed to grow larger as Bill began to hyperventilate. This wasn't happening, couldn't be happening. They had killed IT!

"What's the matter, Billy? Didn't you miss me?" IT asked, revealing more of its sharp, serrated teeth. Bill's throat went dry.

Run, run, need to get away, his mind screamed at him. It took Bill longer than he would have liked to actually get his legs moving. He took an impossible step back and realized the wall behind him was gone, leaving a long empty hallway that seemed to go on forever. He took the escape and ran.

"This isn't real," he muttered under his breath. "This has to be a...a dream, nightmare or something." Although it felt incredibly real.

"Oh, Billy boy!" Pennywise called after him, making Bill's stomach turn. His lungs began to burn and the sound of his footsteps echoed around him as he ran. The thought that this is what the demented clown wanted him to do crossed his mind, but he had no other options at the moment. He couldn't stop now or the clown would get him.

Looking back over his shoulder, Bill could no longer see the clown. But when he looked forward he slammed against something, causing him to step back and fall to the ground. His breath came out in quick

bursts as he looked up and met the clown's gaze.

“What’s the matter?” IT asked, its voice like poisoned honey. “Did you fall down?”

“You’re n-n-not real,” he whispered, shaking his head back and forth trying to make his denial more real. The creature's eyes darkened and its grin turned feral at his statement, making fear claw at his throat.

Suddenly Bill found himself on his stomach, his arms being painfully wrenched behind his back, and for a brief terrifying moment, he wondered if they would be ripped off. Whatever, IT, was doing it ended quickly and Bill was forced to his knees. He rolled his shoulders but could not move his hands. They were bound behind his back which increased his terror along with something that jolted in his gut.

He struggled, but the binding was too tight and only made his wrists raw with the movements. Bill closed his eyes and tried to take a deep calming breath, trying to think a way out of this situation. A loud obnoxious giggle snapped him back to reality and Bill looked up at Pennywise who was looking far too pleased with its self.

“Oh, come now Bill, I thought everyone liked balloons,” It said and Bill watched as Pennywise grabbed the string of a red balloon that was floating over his head. The creature tugged sharply on it, causing him to be yanked forward slightly, a hiss escaped his lips as the ribbon tightened on his raw flesh. The monster had tied his hands together with a fucking balloon.

Fucker! Bill thought angrily as he struggled to move back away from the clown. Pennywise yanked on the string causing him to almost fall on his face instead. IT laughed at his predicament. A large hand dropped onto the top of his head, long fingers playfully ruffled his hair and Bill grit his teeth and tried his best to shake the hand free. The clown's grip tightened painfully in his hair giving a small yank causing Bill to inhale sharply. He was suddenly reminded that if, IT, really wanted to it could crush his head like it was nothing.

"L-let go of me!" Bill demanded as he tried to tilt his head the best he could to glare up at the shapeshifter.

"Why would I do that when the fun has only just begun!" It's grin was large, sharp teeth threatening to devour him.

"You're n-not real. This is a dream." Bill told It, as he tried his best to glare. This couldn't be real, just a nightmare he tried to tell himself.

"Oh, this is very real Billy boy," Pennywise said darkly as it leaned down so they were face to face. Bill couldn't breathe as he met those burning yellow eyes, eyes that glittered dangerously and held far too many emotions he couldn't understand. The one thing Bill was sure of was they promised excruciating pain.

"We....we Killed you," Bill managed to get out, wishing he would wake up safe and sound in his bed.

"Are you sure about that?" There was barely contained amusement in its voice. Bill trembled as Pennywise stood up and stared down at him, a smirk on its lips.

“I...I...” Bill trailed off, no longer sure of anything. Was it really dead? How were they to know precisely? When they left those tunnels, he had been certain at the time that it was dead, but now...

No, this had to be a dream. Bill remembered going to bed and then making out with that redhead. His body seemed to remember that part, as well as his cock, which twitched at the thought. His eyes went wide and his face flushed and he had to quickly look away from Pennywise. The clown made a strange humming sound and bent down to give him a sniff. It sighed with pleasure which made Bill shiver with fear.

A gloved hand forced his face back towards it, making him look back into its eyes. Something had changed. “What’s wrong?” Pennywise asked and Bill didn’t like the twisted grin that was spreading over the clown’s face. It grabbed hold of the string again and gave a small yank, causing Bill to gasp and that strange feeling to intensify in his gut as his cock twitched again. Bill closed his eyes willing it to go down.

“N-nothing, leave me alone.” Bill’s heart had begun to pound harder in his chest. This was not happening.

“N-nothing,” Pennywise mocked before it yanked on the string again causing Bill’s cock to harden a little more. “Could it be that you...like this?” The dark chuckle that followed made terror and excitement thrum through him.

“D-don’t touch M-m-me,” his face was hot with shame and tried to pull out of the clown’s grasp.

The creature leaned down, his lips next to Bill's ear. "But I want to touch you," it hissed in a low tone, and his cock hardened and jumped at the tone. What was wrong with him?

This wasn't happening, Bill would wake up and this nightmare would be over. Just another confusing dream he would forget by lunchtime. But the clown seemed to have other plans. It's hand which was below his chin moved upwards to cup his cheek, a gloved thumb ran across his bottom lip. Bill gasped at the sensation and tried to bite at the appendage, but Pennywise easily avoided his teeth.

"Such a brat," It muttered, its tone sounding fond as if Bill was a misbehaving pet.

"Let go of me," Bill demanded as he tried to yank away from the gloved hand.

"I don't think you really want me to do that," It laughed. "We have only just started." The gloved hand forced his head to look towards it again, but Bill kept his eyes screwed shut. Until a pair of lips pressed against his. Bill's eyes flew open his brain seemed to short-circuit as he realized the demented clown was kissing him.

It was kissing him.

It, the creature that could easily kill him, was kissing him.

Bill tried to move back, but the hand that held his face was strong and kept him in place. Then he felt a wet, slick tongue press against his sealed lips. The sensation was so shocking Bill's lips opened in surprise.

Pennywise's large tongue filled his mouth instantly and Bill gagged on it before the shapeshifter pulled back a bit so that it didn't choke him. The warm appendage slid across his tongue and explored his mouth. He thought about biting down on it hard as he could.

"Don't," a dark warning entered his mind. The threat loud and clear. Bill wanted to scream that the clown could get inside his head so easily.

Bill began to feel light headed as the clown slowly explored his mouth. His breathing was quick and short through his nose making him a little lightheaded. There was something...thrilling about it. Being tied and forced to do this. Having no control over the situation. Bill's cock twitched at the thought and he tentatively brushed his own tongue against Pennywise's. The thing let out a low growl and for a moment Bill wondered if it was now going to kill him.

The clown pulled back suddenly, causing Bill to fall forward slightly. His breathing was ragged as he tried to get it under control. Saliva ran down his chin and Bill glanced up at Pennywise whose eyes were half-lidded as they studied him. That wicked tongue running over too red of lips.

It was a predatory look and it made Bill's cock jump with excitement. God damn it, when had he become a masochist? His knees ached from kneeling so long on the hard surface. Bill tried to stand, but a gloved hand went to his hair and yanked on it, keeping him in place.

He gasped as pleasure shot down his spine. He was not going to play this game. Maybe if he pissed the clown off it would kill him and end this misery. Bill opened his mouth to say something but the words died in his throat as he watched Pennywise run a hand down over a huge bulge in its crotch.

His mouth went dry as the clown shifted its clothing to let a huge cock spring free. Bill could only stare at the monstrous appendage.

Bill shook his head. "No, no, no," he said in a mantra at the same time excitement pooled in his belly. The clown wasn't going to...to force him, was it?

"Don't play dumb my little Billy. You know what to do." The grin on IT's face sent some fear through his blood as well. A hand in his hair pulled him forward until that cock was at his lips. "Now suck." The words were deep and demanding causing chills to race down his spine.

Bill swallowed and licked his lips as he looked at the large cock. If he did this quickly would this nightmare end? Would he be let go? His thoughts were brought to a halt as the fingers in his hair tightened and yanked slightly. He moaned softly as pleasure coursed through him. This should not be turning him on as much as it was. Bill cursed himself.

Stealing himself, Bill took a deep breath as he took a close look at the length and width of the appendage. The skin was pale but looked like a normal cock which he was enormously thankful for. Bill knew that Pennywise could have made it look like anything he wanted to. And probably would if he continued to postpone this.

Awkwardly, Bill licked the tip, running his tongue over the slit there and getting a taste of pre-cum. It tasted, not bad, but strange. Then he took the tip of it into his mouth and gave a suck. Pennywise gave a low growl as the hand in his hair tightened and pulled him forward, forcing more of the length into his mouth. When it hit the back of his throat Bill couldn't stop his gag reflex as he spasmed around the cock.

The creature growled louder as it pulled out and shoved it back in, the hand in his hair keeping him in place. Bill's own cock was throbbing as his mouth tried to keep up with the intrusion. He ran his tongue underneath the cock as it moved in and out and his saliva spilled out the side of his mouth and ran down his chin. Bill wasn't sure if he was doing this right. He had watched porn films but never thought he would be the one on his knees, hands tied behind his back and forced to suck cock.

The image that conjured in his head made him moan with pleasure and his cock hurt, pressed hard against his pants, begging for freedom. Images of the clown fucking him senseless just about short-circuited his brain. He closed his eyes and just concentrated on what he was doing. Bill began to move his head, taking the member a little further each time. Opening his eyes he glanced up and felt a thrill shoot through him as Pennywise stared down at him, eyes half-lidded yet intense and predatory.

The clown suddenly pulled back and yanked him to his feet, throwing him over Its shoulder. Bill blinked in confusion as he worked his sore jaw. Pennywise quickly strode down the sewer and turned quickly and Bill suddenly found himself on top of a dirty, stained mattress. It placed his hands on either side of his face leaning in close. The gold eyes glowed with such intensity that Bill started to squirm with trepidation.

“Are you afraid?” Pennywise asked as it pressed its nose against the side of his neck and inhaled deeply, causing Bill to shudder.

“I’m not...not afraid of y-y-you,” Bill whispered and shivered as he felt those lips twist into a grin against his neck.

“You really should be,” It murmured and then ran its tongue down his neck. Bill gasped and without thinking tilted his head to give it more room. This feeling was like nothing he had ever felt before. Bill wanted to hate it, he really did.

“I like the way you smell,” Pennywise growled softly as it nipped at him. Each little prick of pain made his cock jump. It was almost torture, knowing that the clown could rip his throat out any second and yet seemed to hold back. Just letting Bill know that he could do it if he desired. Bill was completely at Its mercy.

The clown pulled back, its hands formed into sharp claws as it ran them over his bare torso, forming thin lines of blood to appear. Bill gasped as the sensation. Pennywise leaned down and bit at his chest, some places deeper than others and Bill could feel some of the blood run down his sides. The clown followed the trails with its tongue, lapping at the wounds.

Then Bill found himself on his stomach, face pressed into the filthy mattress as It ripped his remaining clothes away. It was an awkward position for him with his arms still behind his back and he suddenly found himself open and exposed...vulnerable in a way he had never experienced before. It frightened him. When the clown pressed against him Bill froze with terror. Was the clown going to fuck him

raw and bloody before killing him?

“Mmmm,” it growled. “I love the smell of your fear.”

“I’m not a-a-afraid,” Bill lied.

The clown just gave a low chuckle, a gloved hand gently ran through his hair and slowly down his back until they reached his ass. The hands spread him open and Bill could feel his face flush hot red with embarrassment and pressed into the mattress trying to hide.

A wet cool tongue pressed into him with made him jump with surprise. The clown was...back there...and the rest of Bill's thoughts flew from his head as the pleasure surged through him. He relaxed as the appendage pressed into him making him pant and moan. He had heard of rimming but never thought to experience it. The clown's hands still keep him spread open, but Bill no longer cared. Just pressed back into it.

The tongue slid in and out and then pressed in further. It even felt to grow larger, stretching him, but it all felt so good. Bill's cock was so hard it hurt and he could feel his pre-cum leaking onto the mattress. Then the clown moved back and Bill suddenly felt empty and cold. The hands hadn't moved off of him, but there was no other movement.

Seconds turned into minutes and still nothing. Bill wriggled his ass, trying to get some reaction from the clown but there was nothing. He hated himself for what he was going to do, but he was far too gone to care at this moment.

“P-p-please,” Bill begged.

The clown hummed with approval. “Please what?” It teased and Bill wanted to scream in frustration.

“Please fu...fuck me!”

“Since you asked so nicely,” It said. And then Bill felt its cock press against his hole and then all thoughts fled his mind as the clown shoved in.

Bill cried out pressing his face into the mattress as the clown pounded into him. It hurt but there was nothing he could do but ride it out. The pain ebbed and a small flash of pleasure began shooting through him. He shifted slightly and some spot inside him was hit that cause him to cry out with excruciating pleasure.

Letting his body relax, Bill submitted to the sensation. His ass in the air as his head lay on the mattress. His cries of please echoing around him. The clown growled, its thrusts seemed to intensify. A hand was placed against his chest and Bill found himself being pulled up onto his knees, the clowns thrust never slowing. The other hand fisted in his hair and yanked his head back, exposing his throat.

“Tell me,” Pennywise growled low in his ear.

Bill blinked trying to understand what the clown was asking. Tell him what? He could hardly string two thoughts together, let alone figure out that it wanted.

“Tell me!” It said more forcefully, pulling his hair sharply to one side and Bill suddenly understood. Fear and excitement surged through him.

“Yes,” he whispered.

As soon as the words left his mouth sharp teeth sank into his neck. It was such intense pain that tears sprang to his eyes, and yet it also felt good. Then the teeth were gone and the clown was sucking on the wound and the sensation went straight to his cock. His orgasm was sudden and so intense that Bill’s vision went dark. His cry echoing through the sewers. The clown’s thrusts didn’t slow or stop, but he pressed Bill back down onto the mattress. Clawed hands holding his hips as it turned more savage. Bill’s cock twitched with renewed interest but he wasn’t sure he had it in him to cum again. Strange words fell from Pennywise, a language Bill knew was not of this world. The sound of the words rolled around and through him.

Then a few hard thrusts and Pennywise howled with pleasure and Bill could feel its essence filling him, but he was too tired to care. When the world around him came back into focus, a bit at a time. The first thing he realized was that his arms were released. Bill shifted and could feel the stiffness there and it sent a thrill through him. The next was a hand running through his hair, caressing him. Then he could feel the body behind him, keeping him warm.

Is any of this real? Bill wondered.

“Stop thinking,” It ordered softly against his skin.

“This has to be a dream.”

The clown shifted and Bill suddenly was on his back, as it hovered over him. Golden eyes studied him with such intensity Bill felt like it was staring into his very soul as if searching for something.

“You will come to me,” It said matter-of-factly.

“Why would I do that?”

Pennywise raised a hand and pressed it against the bite mark on his neck. Pain and pleasure shot through Bill and he gasped.

“Because you’re mine.”

The red balloon floating above them popped.

Bill jolted awake, his heart pounding hard in his chest. He sat up and ran a hand through his damp hair as the sweat on his skin began to

cool. With a groan, he collapsed back on the bed. His boxers were uncomfortably sticky.

So, it was a dream. Relief flooded through Bill as he shook his head. What would cause him to dream something so...so – Heat flared across his skin and he brought a hand up to run across his face. Swinging his legs over the side of the bed Bill sat up. He needed to take a shower and get cleaned off and hopefully forget about that crazy nightmare. A slight twinge on his neck caused him to bring a hand up and touch a sore, tender spot.

“What?” He wondered aloud and stood to go look into a mirror. There was a bite mark, red and raw, not even scabbed over completely. Bill’s blood ran cold at the sight. Then he noticed the red balloon floating in his room and Bill wanted to scream in absolute terror.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading and a huge thank you to my wonderful Beta Morgana who helped edit and rewrite a few parts!!